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## The Messenger, Vol. 4, No. 3

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Vol. IV.

—1878.—

No. 3.

**DECEMBER.**

*Richmond College*

# MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

EDITORS:

**MU SIGMA RHO:**

*M. B. CURRY.*

**PHILOLOGIAN:**

*J. W. SNYDER.*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS:

MONT BLANC REVISITED.....	57
WHAT SHALL BE OUR WORK.....	58
A REMINISCENCE.....	63
WEROWOCOMICO.....	64
HOW MIKE RODE THE BULL.....	66
TWO OF A KIND.....	68
ODDS AND ENDS.....	69
FOOLS.....	71
EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.....	73
PERSONALS.....	75
EXCHANGES.....	76
JOKES.....	78
LOCAL MENTION.....	80
AMBITION.....	82

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1878.

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# Richmond College Messenger.

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## MONT BLANC REVISITED.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

Oh! Mont Blanc! mine eyes again  
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain  
Along thy peaks expire;  
Oh, Mount beloved! thy frontier waste  
I seek with a religious haste,  
And reverent desire.

They meet me mid thy shadows cold,  
Such thoughts as holy men of old  
Amidst the desert found;  
Such gladness as in Him they felt  
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,  
And compassed all around.

Oh! happy if His will were so  
To give me manna here for snow,  
And, by the torrent side  
To lead me as He leads His flocks  
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks  
In peace, unterrified.

Since from the things that trustful rest,—  
The partridge on her purple nest,  
The marmot in his den,—  
God wins a worship more resigned,  
A purer praise than he can find  
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense  
Of gratefulness nor confidence,  
But still rejects and raves,  
That all God's love can hardly win  
One soul from taking pride in sin,  
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod  
In wrath of old the Mount of God,  
Forget the thousands left,  
Lest happily, when I seek His face,  
The whirlwind of the cave replace  
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,  
Lest I of all whom Thou hast bought  
Least honorable be,  
And this that moves me to condemn,  
Be rather want of love to them,  
Than jealousy for Thee!

—John Ruskin,



## WHAT SHALL BE OUR WORK?

BY WINSLOW.

[Although this article was originally published in the *Boy's Gazette*, of Philadelphia, yet, inasmuch as it was written by one of the editors of this magazine, and treats a subject which should specially interest young men, we trust we shall be pardoned for reproducing it. The quotations incorporated in the article are taken from Matthews' "Getting on in the World," a work which we cannot too strongly recommend to the attention of our class-mates.]

"A thoughtless youth, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A thoughtless youth, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A thoughtless youth, when every action is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in *any* after years rather than now."—*Ruskin*.

If then one be thoughtful he wishes to know his work. To doubt that he has a work to do, which he can do well and better than he can do anything else, is to be miserable. But why doubt it? The world believes that the meanest insect, that the most hideous reptile which creeps the earth, was created for some good and wise purpose; can it then be that any man was only born to eat, sleep and die? Is the insect good for something, whilst the man is good for nothing? We should rather conclude that the man has a "knack" in some direction, or in loftier language, that he came into this world with a mission to perform.

If then every man has a work to do, the sooner he learns what this work is the better. Point not to those who have mistaken their calling, and claim that they, by a too early decision, have made their life a failure. Perhaps we may, in an after part of this discussion, trace their mistake to another cause. Perhaps we shall find that their decision was not too early but too thoughtless, and grounded on a wrong principle. But was it necessarily a thoughtless decision because it was an early one? Have those, who by their achievements have proved the wisdom of their choice of a calling, been generally the men who only late in life have determined what they shall do? No. Benjamin West was the *boy*-painter, Horace Greely from his *youth* a printer, and Napoleon Bonaparte *always* a soldier. But these men were guided by a strong bias! Exactly; then discover your bias. It may not be as strong a one as was theirs, but if you only make certain what it is it will prove as faithful a guide; it may not lead you to their successes, but it will bring you to those you were destined to achieve.

The man who continually hesitates in deciding what is his work errs in the light of much warning. If he so hesitates because he finds many making mistakes in selecting their calling, let him tremble as he regards the multitude who make a greater mistake in selecting no calling. This multitude may be divided into two classes: The members of the one are men of ordinary ability, the members of the other



have unquestioned talents. But they may be classed together in that alike their lives are failures, alike that they wanted decision, energy, perseverance; they never knew their work, or, at least, never acknowledged that work. Those of the first class selected no calling, learned no trade, stuck to no business, but wandered aimlessly and shiftlessly through life, and if they reaped anything it was where they had not sown. The other class furnished splendid failures, and led the world to regret that with all their talents they achieved nothing. They are ably represented by Sir James Mackintosh, "the man of promise," who would be doctor, and statesman, and philosopher, and historian, and was—nothing. If in youth he had selected any field of work and stuck to it he could have won distinction; whilst, and better, if he had found *his* work he would have achieved pre-eminence. But as it was "no man," says Bulwer, "doing so little, ever went through a long life continually creating the belief that he would ultimately do so much." Whilst Gibbon, who was perhaps not the intellectual superior of Mackintosh, found his work and stuck to it, gave the best twenty years of his life to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and thereby was immortalized.

We conclude that an indifference or a sluggish hesitation, or a fickleness, as regards the selection of one's calling, is dangerous, in that the longer one so indulges himself, the more certain will he become confirmed in his aimlessness and shiftlessness. But besides this, there is a positive and evident advantage in the youth discovering as early as possible what should be his work, as then he may begin an instant and wise preparation for that work. And such a preparation is imperative, since every field of labor demands a careful and special training of the aspirant who in it would be a master-workman. We may credit the blessing of a general culture, but observation forces us to acknowledge the benefits of a particular culture; which culture means the mastery of our work.

But how shall one's choice of a calling be determined? We may be enabled perhaps to answer this most important question by reviewing the considerations that ordinarily influence the youth in their selections of occupations, and by aiming to decide which one of these considerations has the best right to be a guide in the matter.

Shall the wishes of one's parents and friends control one in the choice of a calling? No. You should consider well their counsels, but neither affection or duty requires you to blindly follow their desires. Since they cannot know you as you can and should know yourself, neither can they read your capabilities and tastes in the strong light and in the plain revelation that you may read them. Your instincts tell you about yourself, but their instincts do not tell them about you. And so it comes to pass that many men fail in their profession, because the father, with commands that were as arrogant as they were well-meaning, determined that son's profession. The parent may resolve that the son shall follow the calling of the father, forgetting that the son may not share one particle of the father's enthusiasm and fitness for the work. The parent may boast of his success in this occupation, but does not consider that in robbing



the boy of a voice in the choice he may rob him of the blessed privilege of loving his calling, which privilege was the secret of the father's success. Or the father may be one of the class who aim to enjoy the reputation of being practical men; he may be blinded to the tastes and talents of his son; he may ordain him to be a blacksmith who might become an orator. Upon the other hand, the parent may be unwisely ambitious of his boy's future; may behold in him a Webster, though the boy knows better, realizes that the possibilities of such a future do not exist, and loudly prays to farm it. Again, good people have their hobbies, and oftentimes share prejudices, which the calm philosopher would consider strange and unreasonable, for or against certain callings, which prejudice may well guide *them* in their selection of an occupation, since here the voice of Nature is addressing them; but why should *we* be controlled by their advices, colored by their prejudices, when Nature herself is as willing to take us into her confidence as she was to take them, and to address us in strains, different, perhaps, in the tenor of their instructions from those she addressed to them, but as majestic and as pre-emptory?

Shall a youth choose some certain profession simply because it oftentimes conducts its favorite disciples to wealth and eminence? Shall he become an author because Scott and Dickens acquired wealth by their pen and Shakespeare's name is immortal? Shall he be a lawyer because Rufus Choate and William Wirt rose to eminence through their forensic triumphs? Shall he study medicine because Sir Astley Cooper enjoyed an income of £23,000? By no means. Imitate these eminent men, but do not imitate them by choosing their profession, but by choosing their way of choosing a profession. Honors are never in the calling itself, but in the manner one follows that calling; one's success directly depends upon one's fitness for the work; if that fitness be very great the glory will be much. Proud mothers would have their sons members of the learned professions, of those professions which appear to bring emoluments and dignities, of those professions which the world insists upon encircling with a celestial flame, and so these mothers wish their sons to become lawyers or physicians, or,—Heaven forgive them for viewing in so unholy a light the sacred office,—ministers of the Gospel. The uninitiated believe there is an "*otium cum dignitate*" attached to such professions, but the best men in these professions are laboring unto death. Can these mothers fail to see that all the honor lies in acting well one's part, and that their sons can nowhere so nobly act that part as in the field to which nature has called them?

Shall the youth be guided by the seeming demands of the hour, and adopt that calling which at that moment appears above all other occupations to invite laborers to the garnering of golden sheaves? If to-day the lawyer may seem to be wanted rather than the doctor shall we become lawyers? If there is no minister in our town shall we study theology? No. It may be doubtful, in the first place, if any such positive and special demand exists, and if ever, and more especially in this day of over-crowded professions, men are wanted for any work to which they are not suited. Again, if there was such a



real call it would not be a lasting one. If doctors were specially needed to-day, lawyers might be the ones in urgent demand to-morrow. But granting that this call is real and lasting, which is granting altogether too much, since if any such promised land existed there would be a great multitude eager to go up and possess it, yet, granting all this, there is to the ambitious youth little of encouragement in the knowledge that only the hour's demand has brought them into this field, that he may achieve here a competence, but is at best an inter-loper, and that he can never become the perfect artisan but always must play "second fiddle" to those workers whom Nature's voice, in addition to the hour's voice, has called to the labor.

What, then, shall guide the youth in his choice of a profession? We have answered the question in each step of the argument. Whilst wishing to fairly weigh all those considerations which usually influence one in selecting his occupation, we have, as it were, almost taken it for granted that *the* consideration which promises to most safely guide us in the matter is a deference to the bias of the mind, to Nature's command, to the inner voice. If you believe that Providence controls the affairs of men, believe that you were sent into this world with a mission to perform, and that you may learn that mission in your mind's bias, thereupon fulfill the mission. If you would believe rather in a Fate, a Destiny, a Fortune, a Chance, if you think that it just came so, that you handle more cleverly the awl than the plane, be a shoemaker instead of a carpenter, for though you degrade Providence into Fate that Fate remains above you. Above you in this sense, that though you may resolve to be a carpenter, and by industry, perseverance, and sheer grit will become one, you cannot be as good a carpenter as the same laudable exertions would have made you a shoemaker. You cannot run counter to Nature with the same speed you could with Nature. If a man would be doing his best he should be doing his work. Bulwer puts this more strongly than I have,—“I cannot repeat too often that no man struggles perpetually and victoriously against his own character; and one of the first principles of success in life is so to regulate our career as rather to turn our principal constitution and natural inclinations to good account, than to endeavor to counteract the one or oppose the other.” But why should you disdain Nature's kindly offices and assistance? At best you will need all your strength and all her smiles to insure your triumph.

But how shall we recognize this inner voice? Sometimes it speaks very loudly. Faraday must be a chemist, since his passion for investigating nature's mysteries led the boy to make a bottle into an electric machine. Calhoun assuredly would be famous in disputation, since he was bold and able to contend in argument with his professors at College. Benjamin West was a destined painter from the day he plundered the cat of her bristles to make his brushes. Such strong biases prophecy success. But you fear that you have no particular knack at doing anything. Then listen the more attentively to the voice, since it is speaking so low; and honor it and please it by heeding nothing else. Banish the dreams of unwise advisers, disdain all worship of the learned professions, refuse to be misled by the appar-



ent demands of the hour. If you are a believer, ask of Providence, in all humbleness, "What wilt thou have me do?" If you are a sceptic, ask of your Destiny, in all fear, "What must I do?" Read the answer in your tastes and loves. What achievements and successes do you most honor? since the poet sings—

"What the child admired,  
The youth endeared, and the man acquired."

Pope confesses, "I writ because it amused me." When the youth is moved by a love for his work he enters upon his calling with confidence, strength, and pride. He realizes that he belongs here; he is a citizen, not an alien; he is an inspired artisan, not merely the clever workman; he was not only educated, but born to work; he enters, as it were, upon the possession of an inheritance, an inherited right and capacity of doing his work better than he can do anyone else's. What confidence this brings. And how the love of one's calling inspires the man, makes him ambitious, almost arrogant, yet fearless, persistent, and faithful to the end. No temptation for him to turn aside into other fields? This same Sir Astley Cooper, who in his glory enjoyed an income of £23,000, made but five guineas in the first twelve months of his practice. If he had become a doctor because his father willed it, or because his mother wished it, or because the hour seemed to demand it, or because the physician belongs to one of the learned professions, how heavy would have been his heart as he contemplated the result of that year's work. But he knew that his faithful guide would make all right; he could read medicine with the old ardor, for he shared the old love; he could wait for patients since he *knew* that they would come.

We hear the command, "Be strong and quit yourselves like men." Then we ask, "What shall be our work?" And Sidney Smith lays not quite aside his humor, as he summons his philosophy and experience to answer, "Be what Nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing;" and Dean Swift adds the encouragement and warning of a wise man, "It is an uncontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them."

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Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think this implied a difference of opinion; but be assured gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it."

## A REMINISCENCE.

In February and March 1845, while a student, I was in Washington city. The presidential election of 1844 had excited intense interest throughout the country. The Whigs had as their standard-bearer Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the Slashes," an experienced statesman, an eloquent orator and one of the ablest party-leaders this country has produced. James K. Polk was the Democratic leader, and while not as brilliant and versatile as Mr. Clay, he was possessed of solid merit, enjoyed the sympathy of the masses, and, what was most potential in a popular election, the endorsement and warm support of General Jackson, or "Old Hickory." Under the rally-cry of "Polk, Dallas and Texas," the Democrats had been successful. When I reached Washington, the annexation of Texas was under discussion in both Houses of Congress, and as the day for the inauguration approached the city was thronged with visitors, eager to witness the imposing ceremony, or get a crumb from the Federal table.

President Tyler, having fallen between the two parties, had a scant following in Congress and in the country. Partial compensation for this want of a party was made by calling to his aid as his official advisers some of the first men of the country. *Facile princeps* among these, in the last year of his administration, was John C. Calhoun, who, after the sudden death of Judge Upshur by the explosion of a gun on the steamship Princeton, was made Secretary of State. An ardent friend of annexation, Mr. Calhoun, soon after his accession to the State Department, negotiated a treaty with the Republic of Texas for the cession of that country to the United States. The treaty being rejected by the Senate, popular indignation was aroused, and when Congress met in December following, various plans were introduced to facilitate annexation. The House passed a bill for the admission of Texas as a State under certain conditions. The Senate amended with an alternate proposition, allowing the President to select between the two. As Mr. Tyler's administration was near its close, the majority in the Senate thought the execution of the resolution and the consummation of the measure would devolve on the incoming President. Mr. Tyler, however, on the 1st of March sent a messenger to Texas with the House proposition, which was accepted by Texas, and thus she practically became a member of the Union. This acquisition was hailed with joy by a majority of the American people.

Who should constitute President Polk's cabinet was discussed on the streets, in the hotels and in the newspapers. Different sections proposed their favorites. A large fragment of Southern Democrats, known as the States'-Rights wing of the Democracy, so called to distinguish it from the Hunker Democracy, aided by many Northern Democrats, notably Orestes A. Brownson, Levi Woodbury and others, urged the retention of Mr. Calhoun in the State Department, but other councils prevailed and Mr. Buchanan was appointed.

A distinguished senator, a friend of my father, kindly invited me to accompany him on a visit to Mr. Calhoun, saying that Mr. C. was



specially partial to young men, and would be glad to see me. We went to the hotel and found Mr. C. the centre of a group of eager listeners. Giving us cordial greetings, he resumed the interrupted conversation, which chanced to be a discussion of Mr. Van Buren's political course. Although I distinctly remember the general tenor of what was said, no good would be accomplished by its recital. During the visit, Mike Walsh, of New York city, lately elected Representative, came into the parlor and was introduced. Mike was a *rara avis*, plainly dressed, unprepossessing, and as little like a typical Congressman as could well be imagined. He was a radical, progressive Democrat, a "subterranean," in the party slang of that day, and was the first fruits of the protests of universal suffrage against the received modes of elections. Mike, while the forerunner of Rynders, Morrissey, *et id omne genus*, maintained an unblemished reputation for honesty.

Mr. Calhoun might be classed among the great conversers, although like Coleridge, Macaulay and others of that class, he monopolized the conversation and discoursed rather than talked. What he said was strikingly suggestive. He had an acuteness and independence of intellect which accepted no human master, was deceived by no sophistry, and detected, as by instinct, every logical fallacy. In the fiercest conflicts of party and personal rivalry, not a breath of suspicion, not a whisper of detraction, ever assailed his personal purity or political integrity.

As I remember Mr. Calhoun he was tall, erect and spare. In repose, the expression of his face was rather stern, indicating firmness and decision, but when in animated conversation, it was lighted up, as Sidney Smith would have said, "glorified" by intelligence. His eyes were black, lustrous, piercing. His manners were easy, frank, cordial. South Carolina idolized him, and well she might, for he had a greatness of soul, a massiveness of mind, a purity of purpose, a breadth and loftiness of patriotism, that all may covet, few can reach.

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### WEROWOCOMOCO.

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In the last number of the *Messenger* I observed a very interesting article, entitled "Powhatan's Chimney," the object of which was to prove that to be the exact spot where the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas occurred. There are many points in the article which go very far to prove that Timberneck was the scene of the rescue, but there are two sides to most questions of history, and I would present the other side of this subject. The site of the incident has been claimed, as the author says, by more than one land-owner on this part of York river. Timberneck, Shelly, and Rosewell, three contiguous estates, have each a claim. Those of Timberneck have been ably sustained by the correspondent of the *Messenger*. I know of none advanced by Shelly, except that the owners formerly called the estate "Werowocomoco," the name of the Indian village. The claims of Rosewell we



shall now review. The historical record that Werowocomoco was about twenty-five miles below the junction of the Mattaponi and Pamunkey (now called West Point), is so indefinite as to apply to any of the three places equally. At each of these places are many interesting Indian relics, such as stone axes and arrows, and it is probable that the whole shore was one continuous line of scattering villages of wigwams, as the abundance of oysters, the high bluffs which protected their homes from the tides (which make such wild havoc on the shores of the Chesapeake and its estuaries), the numerous springs, fish, wild fowl, and other advantages were such consideration as must have been peculiarly attractive to a savage people, subject often to famine and want. The exact spot of the rescue must be decided by each man for himself, according to such evidence as he can collect at this late date. Stith, a contemporary of Smith, and chaplain of William and Mary College in the time of Queen Anne, has written a history of Virginia, which has been pronounced by many authorities the most accurate account of the colony. In this, he states that the scene of the rescue was "exactly opposite the mouth of Queen's creek," whereon the ancient city of Williamsburg is situated. As the river takes a slight bend at this point, an eye-witness would perceive at once that no place but the high plateau on Rosewell farm could be described as exactly opposite the mouth of Queen's creek, which flows into the York in full view of the bluff, which the present owner believes to have the best right to the honor of antiquarians, who are interested in this subject.

Thomas Jefferson, in his "notes," mentions Stith's commentary, and adds that "Werowocomoco was about Rosewell." Mr. Jefferson was a frequent visitor at Rosewell, in the days of his friend, Governor Page, and was familiar with the place and its environs, so that his judgment on the disputed point deserves the respect due to personal investigation, as well as to his distinguished name. When Smith was released by the Indians, he had first to agree to a treaty, which would insure them certain advantages. Among other benefits which he was to confer upon them, they demanded he should send some of the colonists to build for their "Emperor Powhatan" a chimney, such as they had seen at Jamestown. There can be no doubt that the chimney at Timberneck is the identical chimney which was the monument of the treaty of peace; but that fact does not at all prove that the rescue took place at the same spot. Powhatan no doubt frequented, by turns, all of the villages scattered along the shores of the York, separated only by the creeks which flow into it. It is even possible that they all bore the one name of Worowocomoco. The rescue may have occurred at the place indicated by Stith, that is, Rosewell, and the chimney, built later, of course, located at Timberneck, which is lower down, and more convenient to Jamestown, whence the workmen and the materials had to be transported. The location offered equal advantages, the situations being much alike. The plateau of Rosewell has a vast deposit of oyster-shells, extending over many acres; above them is now a layer of black earth several feet in depth, while the intermixture of arrow-heads, axes, and broken bits of Indian pottery



clearly indicate the inhabitants to have been of Indian origin. It is well known that Powhatan had residences in other parts of Virginia, among others, Powhatan's Seat, not far from Richmond. These he visited from time to time in royal fashion. That he chose Timberneck as the site of the chimney proves only that he thought it a fine place of residence, and any one who saw it would agree with his Indian majesty. The chimney is undoubtedly a valuable relic to those who take interest in Virginia's Colonial history, and it is much to be deplored that the idle habit of breaking chips from it as mementos will hasten the decay which time brings all too fast. Some day, it is to be hoped, that Virginia may add to the beautiful monuments in the Capitol Square a more lasting tribute to the hero who ordered the building of the chimney. Among all her great men there is not one of more stainless record, of more God-fearing life, or one who has done better service to his beloved Virginia than Captain John Smith, Of him it was written, by an admirer,

"I never knew a warrior but thee  
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths so free!"

MESSENGERITE.

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### "HOW MIKE RODE THE BULL."

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[Clipped from one of our Society papers. Cannot say whether or no it has ever been published. Mike is dead. He sleeps well. The Bull is in Louisiana.]

Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off, when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him. The bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons, consequently Mike felt rather "jubus." He didn't want to call for help, for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting house, which was at that time filled with worshippers, among whom was the "gal" Mike was paying his devoirs to. So he dodged the bull, as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till he was nearly dead, and when he thought that he could hold out no longer, he made up his mind that he had better holler. And now we will let him tell his own story: "Looking at the matter in all its bearings, I came to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know whar I was, so I gave a yell, louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wan't long before I seed the Deacon's two dogs coming down like as if they were seeing which could get there first. I know'd who they were arter; they'd jine the bull agin me. So sez I, old brindle as ridin's as cheap as walkin' on this rout, and you've no objections, I'll just take a deck passage on that ar back of yourn. So I warnt very long gittin' astride of him. Then if you'd been there you'd have sworn thar warnt nothin' human in that mix, the sile flew so awfully as the critter and I



rolled round the field, one dog on one side and the other dog on the other side, trying to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed, and cussed and prayed, and I couldn't tell which I did last and neither want no use, they were so awfully mixed up. Well I reckon I rid about a half an hour this way when old Brindle thought twas time to stop, and take in a supply of wind, and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted. So sez I old boy, you'll loose one passenger sartin. So I just clum up a branch, kalkerlating to stay there till I starved, afore I'd be rid around that way any longer. I was a makin' tracks for the top of the tree when I heard suthin' a makin' an awful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up and if I wasn't—well—thar's no use a swearin', but it war the biggest hornets nest ever built. You'll give in now I reckon Mike for there is no help for you. But an idea struck me then that I'd stand a heap better chance ridin' the bull than whar I was. Sez I, old fellow, if you'll hold on I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let it be where it will; I just dropped aboard him agin', and looked to see what I had gained changin' quarters, and gentlemen I'm a liar if thar want nigh half a bushel of the stingin' varmints, ready to pitch into me when the word was given. Well I reckon they'd got it, for all hands started for our company, some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on old Brindle. This time the dogs led off first, dead beat for the old Deacon's, and as soon as old Brindle and I could get away we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, I had nothin' to do with the steering. If I had we shouldn't have run into that channel anyhow. But as I said before the dogs took the lead, Brindle and I next, and the hornets d'reckly arter. The dogs yellin', Brindle hollerin', and the hornets buzzin' and stingin'. Well we got about two hundred yards from the house, and the Deacon heard and came out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white; I reckon he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it warn't long afore the whole congregation, men, women and children, came out, and then all hands went to yellin'. None of 'em had the first notion that Brindle and I belonged to this world. I just turned my head, passed the whole congregation. I seed the run would soon be up, for Brindle couldn't turn an inch from the fence, that stood dead ahead, Well we reached the fence, and I went ashore over the whole critter's head—landed on the other side stunned. It warnt long afore some of them as was not scared, came running to whar I war, for all hands kalkerlated that the bull and I belonged together, but when Brindle walked off by himself they saw how it war. None of your minataurs, but, bull dozed, by George!

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A Kentucky paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by the young lawyer as he sits in court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding judge to lose confidence in himself—to make him believe he doesn' know anything.



## TWO OF A KIND.

## I.

Jack, I hear you have gone and done it.  
 Yes, I know, most fellows will;  
 Went and tried once myself, sir,  
 Though you see I'm single still.  
 And you met her, did you tell me?  
 Down at Newport last July,  
 And resolved to ask the question  
 At a *soiree*! So did I.

## II.

I suppose you left the ball-room  
 With its music and its light;  
 For they say love's flame is brightest  
 In the darkness of the night.  
 Well, you walked along together,  
 Overhead the starlit sky,  
 And I'll bet—old man, confess it—  
 You were frightened. So was I.

## III.

So you strolled along the terrace,  
 Saw the summer moonlight pour  
 All its radiance on the waters  
 As they rippled on the shore;  
 Till at length you gathered courage,  
 When you saw that none were nigh;  
 Did you draw her close and tell her  
 That you loved her? So did I.

## IV.

Well, I needn't ask you further,  
 And I'm sure I wish you joy;  
 Think I'll wander down and see you  
 When you're married—eh, my boy?  
 When the honeymoon is over  
 And you've settled down, we'll try—  
 What! The deuce you say! Rejected,  
 You rejected? So was I.

—*Acta Columbiana.*

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First scientific party (of the name of Richard A. Proctor, with his telescope)—There is a steeple five miles off; I can see a fly walking on it. Scientific gentleman (called Professor Hughes, with his microphone)—I can't see him, but I can hear him walk. Third scientific gentleman (named Edison, with his carbon thermopile)—I can measure the amount of heat produced by the friction of his movement. And (producing a phonograph from his pocket) by attaching this machine to your microphone, I can preserve and reproduce the noise of his walking, so that people can hear him walk 1,000 years hence.—*Unknown Enthusiast.*



## ODDS AND ENDS.

When the Richmond *Dispatch* chances to have been telegraphed no definite information concerning the positive finding of Alex. T. Stewart's remains it continues to feed the morbid curiosity of a great people by publishing on the first column of the fourth page a mathematical conundrum. These problems furnish very exciting reading, inasmuch as they picture phases of human nature and passion of which the world has never dreamt. Such bargains and contracts as are here pathetically pictured, even the Jew pawn-broker would refuse to touch, not knowing from the reading of the preamble whether he was going to make his accustomed two hundred per centum or suffer an actual loss. Heretofore we have labored under the delusion that Mr. Hardup squarely and heroically informed Brother Isaac the lowest cash advance he would take on the silver watch, but we are solemnly assured by the *Dispatch* that our confidence is misplaced, and that the request took the form of demanding as many dollars as four is contained in the first odd number the sum of whose dignities is equal to the number of ten in the next even number less thirty per cent. for the accustomed wear and tear. We suppose that the "wear and tear" is a business way of alluding to the strain on Isaac's system in trying to determine whether Hardup was always an idiot or recently had begun to study the mathematical problems in the *Dispatch*. We are next perplexed with the query how long would it take a respectable man of ordinary ability, and one who had travelled some, to reach Petersburg if the train went half the distance the first hour, half the remaining distance the second hour, &c., *ad infinitum*. Nothing is said about the amount of baggage carried, whether or not it is an accommodation train, or if the ticket was purchased at the general office; but we are suddenly invited to tackle the conundrum in all its naked beauty. Of course the theoretical answer to the problem is that this rate of travelling would never bring us to Petersburg, but the practical answer is that it would bring us there just one hour and fifteen minutes in advance of the regular accommodation train, and don't you forget it. At any rate (of travelling we could beat it,) we think so.

In this connection it only seems consistent that we should ourselves ask a problem. If the train goes half the distance the first hour, and half the remaining distance the next *half* hour, &c., *ad infinitum*, it "halves" continually the distance, just as in the first problem, and yet it will, in this case, reach Petersburg. In fact it is on this very principle, though at a slower rate, that the "accommodation" does reach there. Now why is this thusley? To the man who solves this problem no chromo will be offered, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the next sweetest thing to dying for one's country is to solve mathematical originals. Perhaps our "science men" can tell us if an "infinitesimal particle of time" cannot follow *pari passu*,



(a chemical term); "an infinitesimal particle of space," and squarely offset it,—a war of pigmies.

At a recent gathering of solemn-visaged tax payers, the question was discussed, "How can we best rid ourselves of the Legislature?" Various schemes were suggested, but none seemed more feasible or merciful than to surround the capital with a cortege of our more pious citizens, fire the building, and hit the members in the head with hickory clubs as they were seeking their escape. After a collection had been taken up to pay for the clubs, ye editor, anxious to curry popular favor, asked, "In what respect Greece had the best of Virginia in her legislation?" Answer: Her laws were made by a Sole-one, whilst ours are made by several hundred.

*The very latest:* It was whispered about the streets late last night that the Legislature proposed, come what would, to assemble this winter, despite their own laws, the demands of the hour, the poverty of the State, and the prayers of the people. This thing has gone far enough. We must be moving in the matter. We propose that the people quietly assemble in their accustomed place of gathering, organize, call on the President for troops, and dispatch a special band of their best men, as a committee, to meet every incoming train on which any honorable member is expected.

"Then, lay on Macduff,  
And sit down on him who first cries, Hold! Enough!"

"A corporation has no soul."—*Blackstone.*

Query: "Is a member of the Legislature a corporation?"

Every Monday morning an accommodation train is run (?) from Petersburg to Richmond. It vows to reach the metropolis in less than a day, or money refunded. It is only just to note that it keeps its word, but which part of it we are not prepared to say. A recent experience of ours did not enable us to determine whether, as a rule, it is the first or the second horn of the dilemma on which the company lays hold. It is called an accommodation train, because it accommodates slow runners who have reached the depot five minutes after time, by permitting them to overtake it. It is also a great accommodation to passengers who like to take in the course of the day a little not over-active exercise. They can jump out and walk a mile or two alongside the train, and then leap aboard, their cheeks all glowing with ruddy health, and with a sharp appetite for supper. The only danger is that a stranger might get so far ahead of the train as to lose his way unless he stuck to the track. The "accommodation," (pronounce it *slowly* if you would keep in the proper *train* of mind,) has also a winning, eccentric way of stopping every little while in the middle of a big woods and making believe it has arrived at a station. Nobody knows why it does so, but we suppose it is "just a way it has." Perhaps it saw a man there the day before, and being an accommodation train, you know, it stopped, like a good soul that it is, to look for him, and see if he wanted to get on, and inquire about his wife and children. To be sure, this mode of travelling seems a little odd at first, but one soon gets used to it, or, at least, he is granted every opportunity of getting



used to it. But we must put up with such little things if we are ever going to get through the world, at least through that twenty-two miles of it which lies between Petersburg and Richmond. Neither is it well to complain about the scenery along the route, for the company havn't got enough money yet to put up any first-class, bran new scenery, and they will deal in no other kind; but then, what the traveller lacks in scenery he more than makes up in the time in which he has to see it. He can amuse himself by thinking what a capital chance there would be to view it if there were any in sight. In this way many very pleasant hours can be spent. Of course, there is occasionally a very wicked man aboard who grumbles at his fate, and some have even been heard to swear at themselves, in round numbers, for not having walked over and got to the city before noon; but, of course, the company can't be held responsible for any general floating wickedness like this. At best, they can only hang up tracts headed, "Turn, sinner, turn," which would appear to be an invitation to get out and walk back to Petersburg. There is, in short, only one trouble about this accommodation train, it is a constant source of yearning solicitude to the good people of this section, who are continually harassing themselves with the idea that they may lose it at any time. For it is, of course, well known that it is positively the only train of its kind yet discovered in America, and consequently a wonder of the first magnitude. Now, ask these anxious souls—and no wonder they lay awake nights and calculate the chances—what is to prevent some enterprising circus manager from coming along, scooping up the whole sheebang, wood-tender and all, clubbing it together with his other great living wonders, and exhibiting it in company with such low-born creatures as a baby elephant and a striped wild-cat, under one grand combination and gorgeous pavillion?

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## FOOLS.

BY MOONLIGHT, Nov. 33.

DEAR EDITORS.—I dunno, but if thar ain't no place in Eternity, cut off, like, for all the fools that's going and gone, I just can't see to save my life how it's going to be. I ain't so much concerned for myself as I am for some others. I reckon thar is more fools, take 'em all in all, than any other human breed.

Thar ain't but one thing in this world that a man can't fail at, and that am trying to be *a fool*—you are bound to win.

You can tell a fool anywhere you see him, for the first showing he gets he'll hang out his shingle, like a fellow just *graduated* in physic, and wants to prescribe for everybody, right on the spot.

If I had to assort all the fools in this here world, I'd lay 'em off so—Legitimate fools; Foo-foos or foolish fools; Philosophical fools; Dodos. The last kind is all I got to talk about here now. I mean people whar is fools and ain't never found it out, and never will until it's too late to let their friends in this world know it.



*I am* a fool, but 'twas given me as a birthday gift and I couldn't help it. It appears to me that the gol-doggonest Dodos that gallop about in the lobby of this here world's existence, am them that want to run the whole machine by themselves; be engineer, conductor, brakesman and baggage-master all at once, *a Dodo monopoly*. Why they wont be in Eternity fifteen minutes before they'll rise to a point of order and offer an amendment to the Constitution.

I believe the first fool of which profane history speaks was the fellow who was floating on a plank, and when old Noah wouldn't let him ride hollered at him, "go on with your old boat, the shower 'll soon be over anyway!" and he died from sleeping out in the wet. Since that time fools have been made to order, until there is enough of them to keep each other company, so nobody needn't be afraid of getting lonesome because he is a fool.

Some folks think that flies and fools ain't nothing but pests, but each has *his* place and often, somebody else's too. What would our Legislature be without fools? why you'd never know when they come to town.

What would the girls do for "taffy" if it wern't for fools? Who'd wear circus breeches, *e pluribus unum* cravats and A. B. C. handkerchiefs if the fools was all dead, I'd like to know.

Coin, they say, is the standard of comparison in values; fools take the same place in society. They is the standard of *value*?

Without a fool in it, every family lacks the *one* ingredient, but one fool in a neighborhood is equal to a nest of rats in each house; and rats is always a success by a—large majority.

The productions of a fool is most generally—sometimes more so—poetry, cigarettes, fashions, other people's business and lies. What this country needs is more fools.

There ain't but one difference 'twixt a full blood Dodo and one other kind of fool, and that are, he can't back his ears nor kick up behind worth a cent.

I knowed a fool once to set in company and not speak a word for forty-two seconds, but a average run of fools generally carries words to thoughts as 469 to 1, and this 1 is not essential. These is fast times and what this country needs is more fools. "A fool! a fool! a kingdom for a fool" in every house and the country will be saved.

Thar ain't but one real smart thing a genuine fool ever does, and he always puts this off for *the last thing of his life*—to save his reputation I reckon.

I think the best way to pay the country's debt is to buy up all the fools at what they'd fetch on the market and let them sell themselves at their own price; then if we didn't have enough, put me down as a fool.

Sympathetically yours,

A. S. H.

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General Grant will not write a book, and another thing—he refuses of late to sign his name to patent pill and stomach bitter certificates. He hates all literary work.



## EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

We bid a sad farewell to our former most able coadjutor in editorial labors. Mr. R. H. Pitt has withdrawn from college and the reader will miss the work of his pen in our columns. Especially was he famed as a true interpreter and exponent of life and custom in the Dezen-dorf Confederation. But we trust that he will often favor us with contributions from his pen, and we know that he can never forget those days when it was our joint and tender care to make the *Messenger* worthy of the Societies which sustained it.

Manly B. Curry, the reader will note, is added to the editorial staff of the *Messenger*. We extend him a hearty welcome to the sanctum. The energy and enthusiasm which he has ever displayed in our college paper has now an opportunity to be exercised upon a broader field. Already do we owe to his enterprise the fact that a series of articles written by gentlemen among the most honored and cultured of the alumni has been promised our columns.

The *Messenger* may now be said to be fairly under way, and we think it would not be too presumptive to give an idea of what we intend to do. The magazine is published in the interests of the students of Richmond College, and will contain articles from their pens, accounts of their celebrations, and other College news. Having been promised the aid of some of our alumni, we propose to set apart several pages to their use. In the January number the first of a series of reminiscences will appear, and these will be followed by anecdotes, biographical sketches and essays from some of our most distinguished former students. We feel justified in promising an article each month from a member of the faculty. Besides these attractions, we have been promised contributions from several citizens well known in the literary world.

The editors promise to do all in their power to carry out this scheme and ask the co-operation of the alumni and students. Personals, original articles of literary and historical nature, and letters of interest to old and new students will assist us greatly. Those of our alumni who are not of a literary turn of mind can assist us very *materially* by subscribing and inducing others to subscribe. Give us your help, and we will promise to do our best for the common cause. *Ad majorem collegii gloriam.*

We are sorry that a well meant criticism on the *Campus* should so have offended it. We are still more sorry that no other retort could be made than a feeble attempt to wave the "Bloody Shirt." We were in hopes that the generation coming on would be too wise, that those now budding into manhood would see but too plainly by the sad history of our country, that nothing but unity and fraternal feelings between all parts can make her what she was and what she should be. And yet our brother seems to differ with us. Our criticism was that a poem published by them was not as good as some other



poems. Well, we might have been mistaken, and in this case *must* have been, since "all the world and the rest of mankind" are unanimous in lauding it to the skies. The title of said poem was "an ode to *Abraham Lincoln*," and on this the *Campus* seizes as a drowning man does a straw. He dislikes to make such assertions, but then honor calls and he must do his duty. "though hell itself do gape and bid him hold his peace." He hurls this thunder bolt at us. "We suppose the poem is objected to more on account of its *subject* than its *mediocrity*." (Italics his, Eds.) Now will some kind friend please tell us what possible objection we could have to a paper in Pennsylvania publishing an "ode to Abraham Lincoln?" If you think him a great and good man, fill your whole paper with him, and we may, with your permission, copy some of the eulogies on him to show these poor deluded "rebels" that he was a human being. In parting the *Campus* spitefully adds: "When the *Messenger* can produce a poem from local talent which deserves even the adjective 'moderate' there is time for it to criticise the poetry of others." We consider that we have filled the bill and refer both the *Campus* and the *Beacon* to the poem which ends our November number. Is that moderate enough? Hoping our apology is sufficient, promising to be good in the future, and asking that the *Campus* will please mark the articles which Southern people are forbidden to criticize, we make our bow.

Jack Frost has killed out all the base-ball enthusiasm for the present, and the campus is given up to foot-ball. The illustrious nine, who a few weeks since made the air resonant with shouts of "Down to your first! Foul!" &c., have disappeared, and the only one remaining is the "curve-pitcher," who divides his time between smashing windows and "twisting" croquet balls through wickets in the most unaccountable manner. The sober "ministerials," with whom he sometimes indulges in this strictly moral game, have been so callous as to doubt that the twisting was entirely "scientific."

The boys are aching for some one to beat them. Randolph Macon having beaten them at base-ball last year, no doubt thinks another contest useless. Apropos of sports, why don't somebody start an Athletic Club. There was much noise a year ago because we had no gymnasium. Now we have one, and the only gymnastic exercises seem to consist in throwing the ropes over the beams where no one can get them, and knocking pins from the "climbing board." A club might easily be formed, and walking matches, foot races, and Indian club exercises, would form an interesting feature to our commencement, besides giving a new impetus to the one thing most needed in our college, physical culture. The expenses would be little or nothing, and the benefit incalculable. If all would take hold of this, we should have fewer round shoulders, narrow chests, pale faces, and better recitations, together with longer and happier lives.

In concluding an address to the students of University College, (London) Professor Tyndall, who is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable brain workers of our century, said: "Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he



do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft. Take care of the timbers of your boat."

Walking, foot-ball and base-ball are good exercises, but the first is useless unless taken systematically and at proper times; the last two are adapted to do *harm* rather than good when indulged in spasmodically, the exercise being too violent for those not accustomed to it. Exercise should be regular, systematic and not too violent.

Let us have a club right away. It is rather cold for exercising on our open gymnasium, but an interesting and beautiful feature would be drilling. We have several very good drill masters here who could soon teach the club some of the prettiest manœuvres. This, with running and walking matches, would serve to keep up interest until the Spring, when other exercises could be introduced and perhaps a boat club started.

An exchange wants to know why we do not publish more original poetry. We probably would if we were forced to look to their columns for our poetical selections. Would they have us make bricks without straw, and then hold us responsible for the quality of the bricks? It is a confirmed doctrine of ours that in the last day this nation will not be held so strictly accountable to the charge of having exterminated the Indians and started a little greenback party of its own, as for having grown more shrill-voiced and squeaking singers, "not singers of Israel," than any other smiling landscape vista known to the brave and hardy explorer.

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### PERSONALS.

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Dug Wortham is practicing law.

C. C. Bitting, Jr., is reading law in Baltimore.

Tom Craddock is deputy sheriff of Halifax county.

W. M. Burnley is clerking with E. & S. Wortham & Co.

"Little" Jones (W. H.) is in Alabama "tendin' niggers."

E. T. Gwathney is in Norfolk. He is in business with his father.

George Herndon has been appointed surgeon in the United States navy.

W. S. Wortham is book-keeping for R. A. Patterson & Co., in this city.

Any information as to the whereabouts of Fiddler Jack will be thankfully received.

C. W. Warren is farming in Surry county. He intends going to Poughkeepsie in January.

"Mack" Jones has crossed over the river, and rests under the shade of the trees, drinking "hard cider."



G. W. Cone is drumming for some flour mills. "Ginger Blue" roams about hungrily since "Miss Georgie" left.

George J. Hooper, notary public, will do your legal work at panic prices. His shingle swings to Richmond zephyrs.

L. E. Bentley is farming. He paid us a visit a few days ago. Look here, Darby, we want you back for the jollification.

C. N. Donaldson, we hear, has gone to Rochester, where he intends staying until he graduates. Long life to you, old fellow.

Rev. J. B. Turpin, lately returned from Europe, now pastor of two churches in Halifax county, has accepted a call to Warrenton, Va.

E. A. Panknin is lassoing horses and herding cattle in Texas. When he wants recreation he goes out and hangs a horse thief.

J. W. Martin has misplaced an account-book belonging to the Mu-Sigma Rho. Society. Speak up Jack, it's of "vital importance."

Sam Witt is practicing law and sparking the girls. He and E. C. Cabell are about the first young lawyers in the city, but hard on their heels come Meredith, Haskins, Spottswood, and several other of our boys.

Bill Dashiell is with J. Thompson Brown, in the real estate business. When last seen he was struggling manfully to keep up the amount of dignity necessary for a notary public.

Two of our "Old Boys" have taken unto themselves help-meets. Rev. Thomas Hume has lead to the altar Miss Whitescaver, sister of our former fellow-student, W. O. Whitescaver, and Rev. C. V. Waugh and Miss Fannie McGill have been made one flesh. May their paths through life be strewn with roses (without thorns).

[Contributions to this department thankfully received.]

## EXCHANGES.

*The Undergraduate* is rather heavy for a college paper.

*Canadian Spectator* and *Rochester Campus* are always welcome.

*The Archangel* and *College Record*, bring tidings from the far west.

*The Casket*. Nothing but locals and letters of no particular merit.

*The Home Journal* is always welcome and read with absorbing interest.

*Queen's College Journal* is ably edited and is quite a readable paper. It gives us a "back-hander."

*Pennsylvania College Monthly* is one of our best exchanges. Locals especially good. We have gotten several ideas from them, and will take the liberty of using the same.

*The Vidette* kicks at criticism, yet we will mildly suggest that an



essay or something else of the kind to relieve the monotony of college news would improve their already excellent paper.

*The Courier Journal* devotes three pages to personals. We may ask, as an old preacher asked one of our alumni on hearing his first sermon: "What will you say next time?"

*The Sibyl* comes from the home of our old friend Mr. E. H. Cooke, who kept the heating apparatus in the college building. The paper has a thoughtful article on Religion and Modern Science. Those *alumnae* notes take our eye.

*Acta Columbiana* has boating on the brain, and is more devoted to physical than intellectual improvement. Fully three-fourths of the paper is taken up with articles relating to athletic exercises. With this exception it is an excellent production.

The *Beacon* has the following which we think worthy of attention: "Our alumni ought to contribute to their college paper. Most of them could furnish us with articles, of a personal or other nature, which would be vastly more interesting to their fellow-graduates than the essays which we usually publish and which would not detract from the *Beacon's* readableness at home."

*The Wabash* should practice what it preaches. While taking some of the students to task for unbecoming expressions used by them in reporting college news for town papers, uses the chaste and elegant expression "asses," when referring to some freshmen. "It's jest cordin' as how you's raised" but we are not accustomed to talk such language from fellow-students in this part of the world.

*Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas* came to us as fresh and sparkling as ever. The pictures in these periodicals are works of art. In the articles on "Bird architecture" they look like steel engravings, nor is the reading matter in any way inferior. In the December number of the magazine, beside the article above mentioned, a story by Bret Harte; another "He Playing Sue" by "N. C.," a continuation of "Haworths," and several other charming stories. Among the more solid articles we notice one on "The National Bank Circulation," and "Are Narrow Gauge Roads Economical?" Such publications as these should be encouraged by our people. They are educators in the highest sense, and they supply the place of the trashy, sensational stories with productions from authors of the highest position. We hail its coming gladly and turn over the last pages with sorrow that there is no more.

Of *St. Nicholas* we can only say that it is worthy of the house which publishes it. It is without a peer as a child's paper.

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#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

We have made arrangements for careful and critical notices of all new books sent to us by publishers. This applies not simply to educational books but to those of a literary, scientific or miscellaneous character. Our readers are of that class who buy and appreciate books.



## JOKES.

The musical critic of one of the New York papers having been compelled to leave town suddenly on the eve of a concert by the Philharmonic Society, a confrere on the sporting department kindly volunteered to take his place for the evening. His work, whatever his shortcomings in an artistic sense, certainly lacked nothing in originality, and we commend his style to some of the musical critics. Hear him: "Time was called exactly at eight o'clock, and about fifty bugles, fifes and fiddles entered for the contest. The fiddles won the toss, and took the inside with the chandeliers right in their eyes. The umpire, with a small club, acted as starter. Just before the start he stood upon a cheese box, with a small lunch counter before him, and shook his stick at the entries to keep them down. The contestants first socked it to Landlice Hochzeit, by Goldsmark, Op. 22. They got off nearly even, one of the sorrel fiddles gently leading. The man with the French horn tried to call them back, but they jettled down to a sogging gait, with the big roan fiddle bringing up the rear. At the first quarter the little black whistle broke badly and went into the air, but the fiddles left kept well together and struck up a rattling gait. At the half-pole the man with the straight horn showed signs of fatigue. There was a bob-tailed flute which wrestled sadly with the sorrel bugle at the half-mile, but he was wind broken and wheezed. The galoot with the big, fat bugle kept calling 'whoa' all the time, but he seemed to keep up with the rest until the end of the race. They all came under the string in good order, but the judge on the cheese box seemed to reserve his opinion. He seemed tired, and the contestants went out to find the bottle-holders and get ready for the Beethoven handicap. It was a nice exhibition, but a little tiresome to the observers. All bets are off."—*Newark Courier*.

A Yankee genius out West, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream upon the smoking pile; and not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, he was blown to pieces. The coroner thus reasoned out the verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he didn't have anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in, 'Died for want of common sense.'—*West Point Star*.

"Suppose," said an Iowa lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger recently, "suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court room who would say they would not believe you on oath, what would you say?" And calmly the witness made reply: "I would say you lied." A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court room, and the unruffled witness stepped down.

An irrepressible American tourist, who recently visited an Italian



convent, and was shown by a monk a consecrated lamp which had never gone out during five centuries, bent over and gave the flame a decisive puff, and remarked, with cool complacency, "Well, I guess it's out now."

One night last week, at a party in Toronto, a young man was frightening some of the young ladies by his daring exhibition of a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering the young man's side, inflicting a serious wound. Upon which the Burlington *Hawkeye* thus comments: "We have said a great many harsh things about these young men whose revolvers contain more than their heads, but we retract everything now. At last a revolver has been found that knows which man to shoot. May its tribe increase."

A Sunday School speaker, the other evening, used the word "abridgement;" but immediately pulled up, and remarked that, as some of the younger scholars might not know its meaning, he would say that it was a synonym of epitome. The members of the infant class were affected to tears.

"Do you know what bull dozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the Granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing. He was only making believe and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

The following is copied from a bona fide advertisement in the Boston *Transcript*:

"Wanted—To find a situation for single young man by a gentleman, who has been in his employ for four years as a coachman, whom he can recommend. Address U. P. H., *Transcript* office."

Josh Billings says: "There is nothing so scare as originality; even an original fool would be a relief just now."

Surprise is one of the principal elements of wit. This is why it always makes a man laugh when he sits down on a pin.—*Canadian Spectator*.

In our bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but if that letter from home don't arrive, we will have to declare ourselves embarrassed, and compromise at twenty cents on the dollar.

After the excursion to Quebec:—

Dear Father:—

Have been obliged to purchase several new books of reference recommended by Prof. ——. Please forward fifteen dollars by next mail.

Your loving Son—

Instructor, (examining geometrical figures on the board)—"I don't understand these constructions." Student—"Very well, I'll see you after recitation and explain them to you."

Little Johnnie went to the Fair last month, and being asked what he saw answered: "I thaw thum ittle pigth eatin up ther mother."



## LOCAL MENTION.

Mud.

Buck Her!

Going to the book auction?

One of the rattle-snakes is dead.

Short-hand class numbered twenty a few weeks ago.

Mr. W. G. Hix has been appointed janitor for reading room. Keep quiet now.

Rat on a radiator: "These confounded refrigerators don't give any heat."

One of the natives. "Did you ever see one do it? 'Taint the nature of the beast."

One of the "O. D. I. C. C." looked into "Minor" to see whether it was lawful to shove his croquet ball.

Books, &c., will be noticed if sent to the paper. These notices will meet the eyes of those who otherwise would never see them.

"Auntie" moans the loss of one of his pets. He has sent us the following:

Dearest Rattler thou has left us,  
We thy loss most deeply feel—

[The rest is so blurred with tears as to be illegible.—EDS.]

Some bad boys propose enticing the city engineer out to the College, in a hack, on the next rainy day, and make him walk back after dark (if he can).

The short-hand class are making rapid progress under Mr. B. T. Davies. We are glad to see the interest taken in it. It is an accomplishment which will be useful in any walk of life, and especially so in a profession.

LOGICIAN (to Press, who lives in Manchester:) "I can prove to you that Richmond is on the *other* side of the river."

PRESS:—"I'll bet 'horse cakes' you can't.

LOGICIAN:—"How many sides has the river?"

PRESS:—"Two."

LOGICIAN:—"Well the 'Free State' is on one side and Richmond must be on the *other*, since they are on opposite sides."

(Adjourned to Keil's.)

Mr. S. came into the Law Class with a very lugubrious face. He evidently had something weighing on his mind. The lecture was on the subject of "Dower." As the lecturer went on Mr. S. grew more and more nervous and the class grew anxious about him. A deadly palor overspread his handsome face and it was painful to see the expressions which flitted across his countenance. The professor went



steadily on, unmindful of the anguish displayed by the victim until he reached the discussion of "Momentary Seisin," he said: "In the case of a father and son who were hanged from the same cart, the son having been observed to survive the father for a *single moment* his widow was endowed." Mr. S. in tones which thrilled his hearers, asked: "Would you call the son's last kick a *dying declaration*?" Class applauded and tried to laugh. At last reports Mr. S. was slowly recovering.

Can't some one start a Glee Club, or something of the kind, to harmonize the dismal howls which proceed from one of the upper floors of the College? Joking aside, we ought to have a Singing Club. There are some very fine voices in College and they ought to be utilized. It is a matter of the greatest importance now that we should have practice in vocal music, since it is an indispensable feature in the jollification.

"Mr. W. can you give me an example of a publican?" "Yes, sir. The man who carries the plate around in church."

X. has a new carpet on his floor, and is very proud of it. The other day an acquaintance from the "Piney Woods" dropped in; X. received him cordially. The Granger had a quid in his mouth, and after munching awhile, deliberately spit on the carpet. X. shoved a nice jappanned spittoon to him, but he turned on the other side. X. repeated the movement, with no better success. After these interesting tactics had been indulged in for about five minutes, the incensed Granger blurted out: "If you don't take that cussed thing away I'll spit in it presently."

The *Scientific World* is constantly in dispute; even the chemical corner won't keep quiet, but if there is in the whole domain of physical truth one fact of which the Richmond College "School of Chemistry" is more positively assured than any other, it is that Governor Montague had a *ram*, and that one of our most honored professors pledged his fortune and sacred honor on the truth of a very wonderful *hog* story. For further information concerning these remarkable animals, the curious reader is referred to a series of articles on the *atmosphere* now being published with eclat in the columns of the *Religious Herald*.

Law class have been attending the "George Case" quite regularly.

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### AMBITION.

How familiar is that matchless monition of Cardinal Wolsey, in the play of Henry VIII. : "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition ; by that sin feel the angels ;" and I am forced to wonder if words so beautifully woven into such a sentiment as this, have not a tendency to impress youth that, "Ambition hath one heel nail'd in hell, though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens."

God has attached to achievement a sufficient reward to stimulate us to labor, and I wish no fairer promise of *a man* than to see ambition engrafted in the bosom of early youth—for thus only will his capabilities be developed ; as the sunshine alone can bring the plant to its greatest perfection.

Inordinate ambition, if such can exist, may be wrong ; so is excessive eating. Who will pronounce eating a crime ?

Ambition is the fuel that kindles the fire and drives the engine of humanity. Every one, from the cradle to the grave, is ever striving and longing after an indefinite something better than that they now possess. This feeling may often take the wrong course, but so may every principle of our nature be perverted, and even in this unregulated state it is far better than that feeling of satisfaction which induces one to be content with that he has obtained, and make no effort for the accomplishment of better things.

Ambition imposes a tax on the mind and the body, keeping every faculty employed to satisfy its demands from time to time. It will not be paid in the currency of the past or present, but demands something of the future. It is the camera in the mind that takes the pictures of possibilities so beautifully as to temper the severest exertions for their getting ; it is the enlivening ingredient in the blood that keeps one awake to every opportunity. Truest and highest ambition finds her good only in eternity and in heaven. She makes bare her bosom in the conflict of life and boldly faces difficulty. Conquering, she inspires others to follow. The unambitious grovel along in the dust of life, dissatisfied, yet not progressing ; while the ambitious strike boldly up the mountain side, stopping only a moment on each newly gained height to survey the next higher, and then with renewed determination it moves onward and upward.

"Ambition sleeps a moment in her den  
To gain new breath, and fire, and strength ; but then  
She blows the embered coals, and they are a flame.  
So it must be, for it hath ever been :—  
Age rolls on age, and heroes are the same,  
The rest, the crowd, the mob—the warlike hunter's game."

HOMO.



A freshman recently initiated into the mysteries of mathematics, was heard soliloquizing some what thusly: "How can 0 divided by 0 be anything? How can one 0 be greater than another 0? I havn't any money and John hasn't any, yet I have more money than John, won if you divide my money by John's we can have any amount we want. It must be divided." Such is thy wondrous magic power, oh, math.!

## WHAT EXCHANGES SAY OF US.

### WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The *Richmond College Messenger* contains a well written article on the connection of Southern Youth with the General Government, a subject of no mean importance at the present time. But the Editor's note annexed is not calculated to inspire outsiders with an idea of their contentment with the present state of affairs. We would like to intimate to the author of the article on "Work" that he had better follow his own advice till he gets rid of something abler.—*Queen's College Journal*.

We are glad to see the *Richmond College Messenger* in its new form. It has some sound articles. We would mention among these: "Southern Youth and the General Government," Wm. Cowper, and the addresses of Prof. Harris and E. V. Valentine, Esq., at the unveiling of the busts of Cicero and Demosthenes. This is a laudable enterprise and should be imitated by all of our literary societies.—*Jewel*.

The *Monthly Musings* has gone behind the curtain to send on the stage a better looking actor. We took especial delight in Professor Harris's remarks, expressed on the occasion of presenting to the "Mu Sigma Rho Society" the busts of Cicero and Demosthenes. He has evidently lived not without careful thinking.—*Emory and Henry Clarion*.

The *College Olio* and *Richmond College Messenger* have donned a new dress—an improvement in both. Both have also become more vigorous and sprightly in contents. In speaking of the latter in this way, we assume that it is only the *Monthly Musings* under another name and in a different garb. And we are correct in this, if the number before us has the right to bear upon its face Vol. IV., No. 1.—*Penn. College Monthly*.

*Richmond College Messenger* is the *Monthly Musings* in pamphlet form. There appears to be a scarcity of original matter in this issue, but what there is, is well written. "The Relation of Southern Youth to the General Government" savors of the right sentiment. The major part of the *Messenger* is monopolized by a speech of one of the professors, which, though very eloquent, is hardly desirable for a college publication. We wish the new departure the success it deserves.—*Oracle*.



Among those most improved, we would mention the *Messenger* from Richmond College, and the *Southern Collegian*. The former is the successor to the *Monthly Musings*, and bids fair to excel its predecessor. Speaking of the decease of the latter, the *Messenger* says :

"The disease of which the *Musings* died is not certainly known. The most accurate diagnosis given of the patient was that of general debility, aggravated by over exertion in endeavoring to carry a motto which was entirely too much for it. As near as the attending physician could ascertain, the motto ran—Maiden meditations, fancy free.'"

Surely, the motto was enough to cause the death of any periodical ! We notice that the poetry of the number is nearly all quoted, and would suggest that original verse would be more acceptable, even though mediocre.—*Boston Beacon*.

The South sends us a valuable and welcome paper this month, the *Richmond College Messenger*. In speaking of the relation of the Southern youth to the general government it proclaims with vigor and earnestness prosperous and true Republican principles and doctrine. Show your true manhood, do not cherish the animosities of the older generation, but lend your talent and honest exertions to the improvement of your lately damaged country and for the glory of your nation ; these are its noble sentiments. As great and valuable talent as this country or any other has ever seen came from the Southern States. In an article on "Work" it shows in strong terms its ideas upon that subject, one or two which we will insert here for the benefit of our readers. They are as follows : "Do honest work" and "If you propose to live by mental labor, see to it that you 'blister' your brain.'" *Washington and Jeffersonian*.

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